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BEER'S POEMS.

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POEMS.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

JOHN T. BEER.

Presented with the Author's best thanks, and most respectful compliments.

LEEDS:
PRINTED BY H. W. WALKER, PUBLISHER, BRIGGATE.
1859.

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APOLOGY.

It is not with the thought or desire of achieving literary fame that the accompanying pieces are presented to the public; they were not written with that design, and are not published with such an object; the shafts of criticism will therefore fail to wound their unambitious author.

Discarding the false and unreasonable puff of many advertising houses, who profess to sell for thirty or fifty per cent. less than any one else, the author adopts this novel and legitimate means of extending his connection by a real *bona-fide* gift.

Every purchaser at his establishment, to the amount of twenty shillings and upwards, will therefore be entitled to receive one of the accompanying volumes, which as they are not intended for sale cannot be procured in any other way.

The success of the present expensive undertaking will regulate the conduct of the author to a perseverance in his novel enterprise; he looks, therefore, with confidence for a continuance and extension of those favours which he desires gratefully to acknowledge, and which it shall ever be his constant study to deserve.

LEEDS, 32, BRIGGATE,
Corner of Boar Lane.

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ERRATA.

Page 15, third line from the bottom, for "or" read *on*.

POEMS.

THE SUNSHINE OF HOPE.

HOW happy the moments, how pleasant the hours,
When the clouds of despair raining sorrow in showers
Are dispersed by the 'sunshine of hope;'
When the dark, and the misty, the dreary, and cold,
Give place to exertion, and efforts so bold,
Successful with trials to cope.

The weary-worn traveller ascending the heights
Of some rugged mount, with pleasure delights
In hope the summit to gain;
Though slow is his progress, and dangerous his way,
He is cheered with the thought, that the end will repay
All his patience, and labour, and pain.

'Tis thus with life's pilgrims, as onward they press,
'Midst scenes full of anguish, and fraught with dis-
They into futurity grope; [tress,
Beholding by faith, through a vista of clouds;
A future of promise the present enshrouds,
Illum'd by the 'sunshine of hope.'

JOYS AND SORROWS.

HOW sweet and pleasant are the joys
Around the pilgrim's pathway spread,
Like honeyed dew, which morn employs
To invigorate fair nature's bed;
Or flowers, whose tempting charms invite
The exclamation of delight.

Or like the cool refreshing stream,
Whose windings through the arid waste,
In purling waves of silver gleam;
More precious to the traveller's taste
Than all the dainties earth can boast,
O'er hill, or vale, or tidal coast.

Or, as the sun's bright arrowy ray,
Bursts through the dark exalted sea,

Asserting thus the right of day
In golden floods of mystery;
Driving afar the threatening gloom,
To black oblivion's silent tomb.

Yet, were all honey to the tongue,
And nature's garb all lovely flowers,
And meandering streams their music sung,
O'er all this changing world of ours;
The charm of novelty would cease,
What pleases now would fail to please.

And did the sun through constant years,
Shine cloudless from his throne on high;
That graceful sight, the heavens in tears,
Would ne'er adorn the vaulted sky;
And no bright bow would ever span
This glorious abode of man.

Just so our joys are tempered by
A wise proportioned lot of care;
And though the tear may dim the eye,
The next smile shines more brightly there:
When sorrow sometimes wrings the heart,
More perfect joy succeeds the smart.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

THERE is a tongue in every language heard,
And every land: where snows eternal gird
The mountains base, and crowns their lofty peaks;
And everlasting ice, the floods, and crecks
Hold prisoners bound: and bright Aurora plays
Fantastic gambols, with its coloured rays
Of ever restless light; like fairy bands
Keeping nocturnal revels in the lands
Of high ethereal air. And Sol retires
Beneath the distant south to pour his fires
On other climes: leaving old Winter grim
To rule the north, and with capricious whim
To cast abroad his snow-flakes far and wide,
And spread his cold sheet o'er the briny tide.
From thence the sound proceeds, the voice is heard,
And from the poles come forth the ceaseless word;
Proclaiming e'er a God, and calling man
To note His works and all His labours scan:
Pointing the creature to that heavenly road,
Whence true devotion travels up to God.
Not there alone, but more in milder climes,
From fields, and woods, harmonious music chimes

In sweet decadence; and accordant strains
Sweep through the vales, and o'er the verdant plains;
While hills and trees their willing aid afford,
To swell the chorus and complete the chord:
Softly echoing each æolian note,
Which on the wings of gentlest zephyr's float;
Like Angel whispers from the sunny realms
Of topmost heaven; where, adoring calms
Are only broken by exultant songs
Of praise to Him, to whom all praise belongs.
No sooner hence has night withdrawn her robe,—
All star bespangled, and each star a globe
Which loud declares His majesty and might,
Who placed them there, the brilliant lamps of night,
To guide her noiseless footsteps on the way,
To meet, then fly before, the god of day:—
Than from the earth with simultaneous will
A pealing anthem mounts to Zion's hill.
From flowers and trees, from rivers deep and wide,
From purling streams, and from the ocean's tide;
From birds and breezes, and those muter things,
The hills and dales, as each its tribute brings
Of powerful silent praise; a voice that sinks
Deep in the thoughtful soul of him who drinks

Wisdom from hence, and learns his God to know,
From what His works proclaim him here below ;
For in them all His image may be found,
His voice be heard, where'er His works abound.
Yet, O how few regard the accents clear,
Which must at every turn salute the ear,
Although the plainer written word reveals
Destruction from the Lord, to him who seals
His outer senses, and his inner mind,
Against creation's voices all combined ;
Which, from the deep rolls forth in deaf'ning cries,
And utters out its warnings from the skies,
In pealing thunder blasts, enwrapped in fire,
The emblem of Jehovah's vengeful ire.
From east to west, it speaks its living word ;
From north to south the mighty voice is heard,
Girdling the earth with its vibrating chain,
And binding all its voices in one strain
Of many various notes, yet, all combined
To instruct the simple, and illume the blind.

In every breeze that's wafted through the air ;
In every bird that sings with sweetness there ;
In every leaf that rustles on the ground ;
In every flower that spreads its fragrance round ;

In every storm that sweeps across the main ;
In every fruitful field and desert plain ;
In every wave that breaks upon the strand ;
In every rolling globe and grain of sand ;
In every flash of liquid fire that flies
Across the flaming curtain of the skies ;
In every thunder-cloud that sails on high ;
In every fruitful shower that passes by ;
In every ray of light, each gladsome beam,
Which God has caused from heaven's high orb to gleam ;
In every star that shines transcendant bright ;
In every transient meteor of the night ;
In every heaving throb of nature's breast ;
In every earthquake that disturbs her rest ;
In every flame of fire that bursts her womb ;
In every lava-stream of deathly doom ;
In every torrent from the mountain wild ;
In every cataract with fury boiled ;
In every river, stream, and wandering brook,
Marked on the map of nature's living book ;
In everything, above, around, beneath,
There is a voice, a heaven inspired breath ;
A voice that cries with loud, untiring tongue,
And calls to man to listen to its song.

But he, too proud to hear, too vain to learn,
Rejects its counsel, and presumes to spurn
Superior wisdom, and those lessons taught,
In that fair volume rich with marvels fraught.
He well deserves the fool's chastising rod,
The "Voice of Nature" is the "Voice of God."

HARVEST HOME.

REJOICE, ye sons of earth, rejoice;
Lift up your hearts, exalt your voice,
In hymns of grateful praise;
To Him, whose goodness once again,
Has made our garner's rich with grain,
To lengthen out our days.

His sacred word, for ever sure,
Has said, "while sun and moon endure,
The harvest shall not fail;"
And now another proof is given,
That though the clouds may darken heaven,
His goodness shall prevail.

He caused the fruitful showers to fall,
He made His sun to shine on all,
The waving fields of gold;
Then, as the song by all is sung
Of "harvest home," by every tongue
Let thankful praise be told.

LOVE.

O LOVE! thou mighty passion of the heart,
Thou lever of the soul: by whose great power,
Our thoughts, and actions, and our strongest wills
Are in subjection held: as willing slaves
Who glory in their chains, and bondage boast,
Without a hope, desire, or aspiration for
Unfettered liberty. And who has not,
E'en from the infant's cot through riper years,
And on to feeble, tottering age been led
By thy unseen, but e'er resistless hand?
The suckling feels the light and gentle touch
Of thy soft fingers on its pliant heart,
Which bounds delighted, as it thus drinks in
The first instalments of life's promised joys.
And e'er the feeble mind can comprehend

It own existence ; or the powers that move
Its first volitions ; or the tongue express
Its undefined, vague, mis-shapen thoughts ;
The countenance declares that thou hast been
And stamped thine impress on the virgin coin.
And dost thou not delight to cast the seeds
Of thy sweet influence in untutored hearts ?
On youthful ground, ere yet the cares of life,
With blighted hopes, and disappointments wrap
Their icy crust around the fruitful soil ;
A barrier raised against thy entrance there ?
Yet still, thou dost the hardest hearts subdue,
Break down rebellious wills, and make the most
Unruly passions yield obedience.
The bashful maiden, and the fiery youth,
Alike thou dost inspire ; suffusing her
With the becoming blush, whose roseate tints,
Make beauty far more beautiful and fair ;
And him controling, as the gentle lamb,
In meek timidity. And not alone,
O'er tender, youthful minds, thy magic steals ;
The mailed warrior, who, with laurels crowned,
Has braved a thousand deaths to earn his fame ;
Whose front undaunted stood, when from the shaft

Of unrelentless death, destructive flew,
Like hailstones round his head ;—now, as a child,
Beneath thy arrow quails ; and as it strikes,
Deep in his yielding heart, unnerves the arm
That was in battle strong ; makes the firm step
Assume a timid gait ; and bids the eyes,—
That sent forth flames of fire, with serpent power,—
Now loose their blaze, quenched in the modest tear.
The conqueror is conquered ; he that brooked
No rule or contradiction, yields himself
A captive to thy will ; fast bound in chains
From Cupid's busy forge ; each link a rose,
Wrought in the fire of all subduing love.
No victory won, no fading honours gained,
No plaudits, wealth, or fame, such pleasures yield,
Or are by him desired, as that he feels,
Of thy divine and unexpressed joy.
O wondrous power of Love ! Thou art the source
Of purest happiness ; for thee the king
Forsakes his regal throne, his crown resigns,
And stoops from his high pinnacle to grasp
Thee in a fond embrace. The noble, too,
His dignity foregoes, forgets his state,
And bows himself to thee, obsequeously low,

And humble homage gives, with slavish fear,
Before the sceptre of thy majesty.
No sacrifice from him is e'er too great,
To win thy smile, or gain from thee reward.
Thy empire, Love, embraces earth and heaven ;
Thy power is universal, felt by all ;
Creation's utmost bounds thy sceptre owns,
While angels, men, and beings to men unknown,
Inhabitants of bright, unnumbered worlds,
Do pay their tribute at thy throne, and give
To thee their first and noblest offerings.
Here would I ask, from whence thy matchless power ?
From whom is it derived ? by whom sustained ?
Where is its birthplace ? what its origin ?
Or in what age of intellectual mind,
First saw its light ? Explain thyself, O Love !
Dost thou remember, which thy natal morn ?
Or where thy beaming eyes first gazed upon
The glorious things in wide creation's realms ?
Or canst thou tell the name or nature of
Thy great Progenitor ? Who clothed thee in
Such majesty divine, and gave thee power,
Wide as the realms of God ? Thou canst not tell.
And yet I fain would know the hidden truth ;

And turn from thee to those whose giant minds
Can comprehend all knowledge, and whose souls
Are wed to learned lore ; perchance they can
Lift up the folds of Love's mysterious veil.
Tell me, thou great Philosopher, I pray,—
Whose thoughts have grasped each science in its turn,
And ranged through all the forms that nature takes
In earth, or air, or heaven : whose deep research
Has brought strange things to light, long hidden in
The unprobed womb of darkest ignorance :
Who hast arrayed them all in order such,
That beauty shines where all confusion was :
And who hast made all things submit to law ;
Those laws explained, and how they operate :—
Tell me, if thou hast found, in all thy flights
To high and distant spheres, or in thy deep
Explorings of the earth, ere ravelled out
This one great mystery ? Tell me, O, Sage !
Well learned in all the lore of ancient times ;
Who hast drunk deep, at all the famed springs,
Of crumbled dynasties ; and who hast made
The ever swelling stream of centuries thine own :
Connecting in thyself, the mental flood
Of old and modern times. Say, dost thou know,

With all thy knowledge, whence Love came, or is?
Does Memphis speak, or Thebian wonders tell,
Or Athens, seated on her lofty hill,—
With many living monumental tongues, [truth?
Which, though she's dead, yet speak,—reveal the
Or does old Rome, proud mistress of the west,
With all her vaunted glory, ever give
One ray of light upon this secret thing?
I ask the Politician—answer thou,
Who holdest nations in thy eager grasp,
And their great peoples guidest at thy will;
Whose every sentence falls in subtle words
Of deepest meaning; yea, so deep are they,
That few beside thyself can comprehend
The drift thereof; and surely none but thee
Could ever find so many open loops
Through which to slip the truth; yet, tell me now,
Hast thou discovered in those musty tomes,
The old archives of nations long decayed,—
Wherein their constitution plainly shines,
Like a full lamp; and all their polity
Stands forth distinctly writ;—one ray of thought,
An indication, or a feeble hint,
To guide thee to the answers which I seek?

Does silence reign? The question yet unsolved,
From hence I turn despairingly away,
And seek from nature what man fails to give.
Tell me ye lofty hills, that overlook
Those lower realms, where meaner things abide;
Which raise your bold ambitious heads to hold
An intercourse with heaven; and drinkest in,
With ever thirsty lips, the purest air;
Catching the sun's first ray, and holding on
Tenaciously unto his latest beam.
Tell me, ye cavern's deep, whose crystal holds,
On glassy pillars borne, do groan beneath
The monstrous burden of recumbent earth;
Whose icy chambers indistinctly gleam
With native light from many jewelled lamps.
Or tell me, ocean, with thy thundering roar,
Which makes the stout hearts on thy bosom borne,
Quail tremblingly, and fear; and bids them pray
Who never prayed before a "peace be still;"
Or murmur softly in my list'ning ear
With those monotonous tones that constant break,
Or inoffensive strands. Tell me, ye winds,
Ye gentle zephyrs, from the distant west,
Laden with balmy air and wings that bear

E'en yet the tints of deep-blue solemn skies.
Or ye fierce spirits borne on northern blasts,
That howl and moan in wild discordancy;
Rending the air in hideous trials ofstrength,
And rooting up earth's beauties in thy wrath.
Ye come and go from all the distant points
Of this sublunar world; kiss every hill,
Search every cranny, peep in every nook,
Nod to each tree, and stoop to hold converse,
With every blade of grass. What hast thou learned
In all thy rambles o'er the wide, wide world,
Of unrevealed love? From earth I'll soar,
And on the beams of morning borne along,
Mount up to higher realms, and search among
The constellations of the starry worlds.
Tell me, O Sun, thou bright unsullied orb,
So full of light, that darkness never comes
Within the circle of thy wide-spread rays:
Who hold'st supreme the reins of constant day,
And rulest in the upper vaults of heaven
A demi-god, o'er seen and unseen worlds.
Or thou, sweet fair-faced Moon, who rid'st upon
The silvery wings of night, with queenly mein;
Guiding thy chariot wheels majestically;

And spreading wide love's blessings on thy path.
Methinks that thou, the patron saint of love,
Should'st know some little of thy protigee.
Cold silence still! Tell me, ye glittering gems,
That roll your pond'rous forms around the point
Of central gravity; rejoicing in
Its mild benignant rays, which e'en to where
Your furthest course extends does still pervade,
And light the path ye have for ages trod.
But higher now I'll fly to worlds afar,
Where each one shines a centre in itself,
Of vast unseen, uncomprehended globes.
Tell me, ye brilliant proofs, magnificent,
Of wisdom, glory, might, unnumbered host!
Whose dazzling splendour and inherent light
Pierces the vast abyss of endless space,
And makes black darkness tremble on his throne.
Tell me of love, its antecedents, or
Its nameless power. No answer! then I rise,
And leaving far behind these lower orbs,
The vapoury phantoms of receding worlds,
Suns, planets, moons, and stars, a prospect new,
A glorious scene breaks on my ravished sight,
And fills my soul with solemn speechless awe;

While through my spirit steals a sense of such
Uncomprehended joy, as makes me feel
I tread on holy ground. 'Tis the third heaven!
And God's high throne is there, while He that sits
Encanopied in light, is far too bright
For feeble mortal's gaze. Transcendent light!
Glory of all glories! Centre and soul
Of all created things. By whose great word
Omnipotent they were; and still by Thee
Are in their course sustained. In whom all live,
And from whose bounteous hand each want's supplied.
Around His seat, see countless myriads fall
Of pure celestial bands; a joyful host,
Presenting at His feet unceasing praise.
I ask them what they know, what they can tell,
Of love's great mystery! That wond'rous flame
Which kindles in each breast, and on each heart
Burns with such brilliancy, a living fire.
Tell me, ye glowing seraphs, spirits bright,
Blest ministers of love, for ever near
The high imperial throne, where wisdom sits;
And from whose purest streams your souls are fill'd
With constant, fresh supplies. Do ye not know
The secret source and authorship of love?

All heaven is moved, while each seraphic eye
Flashes with holy fire, and every heart
Beats with unwonted quickness at the sound
Of that sweet word, and every voice is raised
Spontaneously; then, like the mighty sound
Of many rushing seas, the answer comes,
"It's birth-place heaven, it's author God Himself."

IMPROMPTU.

(BY REQUEST.)

YOU ask me, John, to pen a rhyme,
Just for old friendship's sake;
Then, while the muses in me chime,
The liberty I'll take;
To put a passing thought in verse,
For better aye or aye for worse.

I thought if you your word should keep,
And put me in a frame,
The poet need not ever weep,
For fear his precious name;
Should not survive beyond the date,
At which he meets poor mortal's fate.

A frame indeed ! can I aspire,
To favour such, my friend,
I never dreamt the sacred fire,
Would to such honour tend ;
To decorate your dwelling place,
In golden dress and polished face.

MY HOME.

MY home is not a stately hall,
Commanding wide domains ;
A lordly mansion reared above
Surrounding hills and plains ;
Yet though it cannot boast so much,
Nor lift its head so high,
I would not change my little cot,
For castles of the sky.

It has no antique furniture,
No paintings, old and rare ;
The luxuries of modern art,
Are not admitted there ;

Yet such attractions does it hold,
Within its humble walls,
That makes me prize my cottage home,
Above the noblest halls.

The smile of love, the voice of peace,
The balm of sweet content;
Are blessings there that welcome me,
As boons from heaven sent;
To cheer the dark desponding soul,
And kindle hope's bright star,
When wearied with life's anxious cares,
I seek it from afar.

O give me then my humble home,
My little peaceful cot;
I ask no more, and seek no less,
To crown my earthly lot:
Ambition's vain, delusive dreams,
I'll scatter to the wind,
And in my own, my happy home,
A heaven terrestrial find.

WINTER.

HE comes, he comes, the old and grey,
The emblem of the short'ning day,
Clad in robes of spotless white,
Glist'ning in the beams of light;
As from his northern frosted homes,
Onward in his might he comes.

He comes, he comes, the dark drear
Sounding the death-knell of the year;
With withering breath and freezing eye,
He bids the summer flowers to fly;
And shakes the trembling leaves to earth,
With howling songs of fiendish mirth.

He comes, he comes, the stern and cold,
Like a grim spectre from his hold;
While nature's face, betrays its fears,
And all its beauty disappears;
As from his northern frosted homes,
Onward in his might he comes.

TO "M."

O SAY not that I do not love,
As I have loved before ;
If perfect love can be increased,
Why then I love you more.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

SWIFT, fleeting years, have passed away,
But childhood's home ;
With scenes of mirth, all light and gay,
Still ling'ring in my memory stay ;
Sweet childhood's home.

I love to dwell upon the joys,
Of childhood's home ;
When life was spent midst painted toys,
And merry games with playful boys ;
At childhood's home.

Through changing life I oft-times turn,
To childhood's home :

And there some useful lesson learn,
As in my heart a love will burn,
For childhood's home.

O yes! I love, I love it well,
My childhood's home;
My joyful tongue its praise shall tell,
And gladly will I always dwell,
On childhood's home.

Past years have thrown their beams of love,
Round childhood's home;
Which life's dark scenes can ne'er remove,
As onward further still I rove,
From childhood's home.

ANXIOUS CARE.

HOW my glad heart would rejoice,
My spirit exultingly sing;
I'd lift up my hands, heart, and voice,
In praise to my Heavenly King:

Could I know but the way that I go,
The secrets that o'er me impend;

The cup of my lot here below,
The hidden mysterious end.

Shall pleasures be spread all around?
Shall flowers spring up in the way?
Or shall thorns and thistles abound,
To embitter the time of my stay?

O that the dark veil were withdrawn,
The future laid open to view;
No more blighted hopes would be known,
But all would be had in review.

By grief then and sorrow oppressed,
Prepared I should meet the dread foe;
With joy and happiness blessed,
Anticipated, no care I should know.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

HURRAH! for the regions of gold,
The land overflowing with wealth;
Whose treasures can never be told,
Whose clime is the fountain of health.

Talk not of my kindred ties,
The sorrow of parting with friends ;
Bright prospects now gladden my eyes,
Which for every loss make amends.

O why should I labour at home,
A slave in the midst of the free ?
My fortune to seek I will roam,
O'er the billowy paths of the sea.

Then when a few years have passed o'er,
And a harvest I've reaped from the soil ;
I'll return to old England's shore,
To enjoy the fruits of my toil.

TO A FLY, IN A SPIDER'S WEB.

THOU strugglest hard, poor helpless thing,
For liberty and life ;
While fine spun fetters hold thy wing,
And soon will end thy strife.

A foe concealed lies lurking there,
To seize thee as his prey ;

And limb from limb asunder tear,
For food, or spite, or play.

Poor stupid thing, to go so near,
When danger courted thee ;
And wast thou then too brave to fear,
Too bold to turn and flee ?

Thy enemy is much too strong,
His chains too sure and fast ;
And he will now commence ere long,
On thee to break his fast.

'Tis thus that wily arts ensnare
The simple and untaught ;
Then of the spider's web beware,
Or you may soon be caught.

I LOVE THE MORN.

I LOVE the early morning's dawn,
The first bright ray that gilds the lawn,
As o'er the eastern hills the sun
Proclaims another day begun,
And shows his face.

I love the morn, as I survey,
Glistening in the beams of day,
Dewy pearls, fair and gay,
Shining, soon to pass away,
And leave no trace.

I love the morn, when upward fly
The soaring larks toward the sky ;
And there with angel songs to vie
In praising Him that rules on high,
The God of grace.

I love the morn, because it brings
Upon its light and silvery wings,
Pleasure that with music rings,
As nature, all united, sings—
O happy place.

I love the morn, an emblem sure,
Of that bright day which shall endure,
Where nought unholy or impure
Shall ever from their glory lure,
The angel race.

I LOVE THE NIGHT.

I LOVE the night! when dressed in sable robes,
Bespangled with ten thousand glittering globes,
The suns of other spheres, great orbs of light,
Around whose path, though lost to mortal sight,
Myriads of planets roll, and loud declare
The power and grace of Him who placed them there.
I love the night! its stillness charms my soul;
Its fairy magic, and its mild control,
Its moon-lit skies, so beautiful and fair,
Its cooling breezes, and refreshing air.
I love its music, when, at midnight hour,
The feathered songster tries its utmost power
To make the woodland glades, so dark and drear,
Echo with sounds melodious, rich, and clear.
I love its darkness, and its sombre shades,
When 'neath the veil all nature's beauty fades;
When only gloom and murkiness is seen,
Where all around is clad in richest green.
I love to ramble through the silent grove,
Or on the banks of rippling waters rove;
While fancy, dwelling on such scenes as these,
Converts to ghosts the forms of fading trees

Or hears, from out the waters bubbling sound,
A fairy concert, spreading mirth around.
O yes, I love it; for its vaguest charms
To me it brings no specious false alarms;
I court its shades, though not to hide from shame,
For darkness will not hide a guilty name.
I love the night! not for the many crimes
Which o'er its beauty as a death-knell chimes;
The joys are pure I find beneath its veil,
And gladly e'er its oft return I hail;
The whispered words of love that greet my ear
Constrain the wish that night were always here.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

THE Orphan Boy! O, chilling sound:
Poor, friendless, homeless child;
No parent's tender love he knows,
Expressed in accents mild.
No sunny smiles e'er beam on him,
No loving arms embrace;
The earth, with all its beauteous things,
To him's a desert place.

The Orphan Boy ! poor, helpless lad,
My heart bleeds o'er thy fate ;
I mourn to see thy little bark
Exposed in such a state :
While life's great tempests round thee roll,
And threatening waves run high,
Alone thou standest at the helm,
Thy feeble strength to try.

The Orphan Boy ! nay do not weep,
While playmates full of glee,
Unmindful of the sting they give,
Boast of their friends to thee :
Thou hear'st their merry, prattling tongues
Record a mother's love,
And father's care ; but thy lone heart
May not these blessings prove.

The Orphan Boy ! full many a tide
Of anguish rends his soul,
As down his pale and icy cheeks
The scalding torrents roll.
No friend he knows to soothe his griefs,
His flooded orbs to dry ;
He lonely is, and lonely feels,
And often prays to die.

The Orphan Boy! and does he pray?
O, yes, a mother's voice
Once taught her infant son to lisp
A prayer, and to rejoice
In God, who gave a father kind
To guide and guard his way;
And bless'd him with a mother's love
To chase his fears away.

The Orphan Boy! They both are gone,
And memory almost fails
To picture in his tender mind
The loss he now bewails.
Sometimes a faint and flickering light
Will gleam across his brain,
Of those brief days of happiness
No hopes can e'er regain.

The Orphan Boy oft lifts his eyes
To that bright world above,
Beyond the skies, where those are gone
He scarcely learned to love;
He knows not why, but yet he feels
His only hope is there,
And oft he prays, and oft he sighs,
Their heavenly home to share.

The Orphan Boy! Then lift thy voice,
Thou child to sorrow born;
A God there is, that watches o'er
The helpless and forlorn;
A father of the fatherless,
A friend to those in need;
Whose goodness for the weak provides,
And will the orphan feed.

The Orphan Boy! Then weep no more
Thou little favoured one,
Since God, thy Father, does adopt
Thee His peculiar son;
Give Him thy heart, thy choicest love,
And He will set on thee
His love, the richest blessing which
Can e'er possessed be.

The Orphan Boy! No orphan now,
Wipes off his briny tears,
As to his faith's bright opening eye
A better friend appears;
And where He dwells, a better land,
Where death can ne'er destroy,

The treasured hopes and peaceful love
Of heaven's own Orphan Boy.

TO MY BABY IN HER JUMPER.

THOU little, playful, romping child,
So full of fun and merry glee,
I love to see thy antics wild,
To watch thy childish ecstacy.

As up and down thy tiny feet
Struck on the floor,—now raises thee ;
A cherub in his shining seat,
Surely could not more happy be.

The baby jumper is thy pride,
When seated there thy heart is gay ;
Thou carest not for aught beside,
And dancest merrily away.

Thus, thus my babe thy mortal life
With all its various ups and downs,
Of joy and grief, of peace and strife,
Of love and hate, of smiles and frowns,

Shall pass; but may the God of love
By grace incline my infant's heart,
To fix her choice on things above,
As Mary's did, that better part.

Then, though the storms of life assail,
Harmless its threat'ning waves shall roll,
'Gainst thee they never can prevail,
While Jesus guides thy trusting soul.

DESPONDENCY.

WHY is life's draught mixed up
Of griefs and fears?
Why does the brimful cup
Run o'er with tears?
Hopes blighted gnaw the soul,
Billows of darkness roll,
Around our way:
Vexatious cares oppress,
Nor disappointments less
Their burthen lay

Upon poor helpless worms,
Who 'midst life's battling storms,
Pass their short day.

Of all that breathe the air,
Must man alone,
A load of sorrows bear
That are unknown
To creatures less than he,
Wrapt in mortality,
Whose end is dust?
While he whose spirit soars,
Beyond time's bounded shores,
And ever must;
By care's destroying wand,
And want's unsparing hand,
Is backward thrust.

Ye first-born sons of light
Look down and weep,
O'er those who sunk in night
Sin's wages reap;
Children of heavenly birth,
Chained down to heartless earth,
We groaning lie;

One only hope can cheer
Our souls in this dark sphere,—
Above the sky,—
When worms this flesh destroy,
There lives unbounded joy,
That ne'er shall die.

ON SEEING THE CORPSE OF AN INFIDEL.

COLD, lifeless, passive, noisome clay,
While there in angel form ye lay,
Tell me—if motion, speech, and life, thy dust contains,—
Why there thou liest? Why stagnant in thy veins
The chill'd stream curdles? Why the throbbing heart
Performs no more its own allotted part?
Why is the light gone out, which in thy eyes
With kindling rapture at a thought did rise?
Why are thy limbs so rigid, stiff, and cold?
Why do the muscles now relax their hold?
Music once flowed from thy unfettered voice
In strains that bade but few sad heart's rejoice:
Now still and silent is that speechless tongue,
Which other's faults and other's praise has sung.

If life inherent in thy nature dwell,
Then let inflated lungs thy bosom swell;
Gather new strength, restore the death-dim eye,
And bid the life stream through thy system fly.
If thought and will were natives of the brain,
Exert its power to call them back again.
Perchance exhausted nature seeks repose,
Its functions wearied with its many throes;
If so, sleep on, indulge thy prostrate frame,
Thy strength recruit, then play the man again.
Yet answer this: I saw a noble youth
In whose fair face there shone the light of truth;
Of perfect form, strong, agile, healthful, bold,
And yet his numbered days are briefly told;
From death's strong shaft the fatal arrow flew,
And in one moment had its victim slew.
No foul disease, the vital parts decayed,
No care or grief upon his spirits weighed;
No lingering illness sapp'd the fount of life,
No weight of years o'ercame the mortal strife;
Yet in the midst of youth, and health, and prime,
He passed from off the busy stage of time.
I'll give a test, now prove your doctrine true,
And I'll believe if this one thing you do.

A form here take, the pride of manhood now
Presides enthroned upon his lofty brow ;
Perfect, unhurt, the grand machine appears,
Improved and strengthened by the lapse of years.
Withdraw the air he breathes, and mark how soon,
Death lays his hand upon the proffered boon ;
The motive power forsakes the ignoble clod,
To be restored by none save nature's God.
If thou, by time, by acts, by words, or force,
Canst life restore to that cold stiffened corpse,
Nothing impaired, nothing deranged by death,
Naught wanting but the soul-inspiring breath ;
Each atom there united is the same,
Its nature, properties, all combined remain ;
Call back to life ! then is thy doctrine just,
And man's whole being formed of breathing dust.
Go down, vain boaster, to thy darksome tomb,
Corruption claims thee, let the worms consume
What yet remains of thy weak mortal flesh,
Till God collects the scattered grains afresh ;
Then shalt thou know a pure ethereal soul,
Held here on earth, thy body in control ;
Thought, will'd, and reasoned, hated, loved, desired,
Ruled all its motions and its passions fired ;

When death appeared and severed them in two,
The body fell, the soul to hades flew.

UPON THE ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH A ROMAN HIERARCHY IN ENGLAND, 1850.

ARISE, ye free born sons of England's soil!
Sleep not, while foes around your spirits coil,
The galling chains of foreign priestly rule,
By arts insidious, learned in Satan's school.

Look through the vista of three centuries gone,
Read history's page and learn what then was done
By Papal Rome!—when, with a merciless hand,
She poured the blood of martyr's o'er the land.
Remember Smithfield! See the flames ascend,
While shrieks of anguish heaven's high arches rend;
From thence explore the dungeon and the cell,
And hear the tales of torture that they tell.

Our fathers nobly gave their lives to pay
A death-prized ransom for the gospel day,
Before whose light upon our nation shed,
For ages past these hellish crimes have fled;

And shall we meekly bear again the yoke?
Or calmly see our blood-dyed statues broke,
By those who fill'd with arrogance and pride
Our 'faith' and 'freedom' boldly have defied;
Who to our thresholds cautiously have trod,
Fierce 'wolves' rapacious, robed as 'lambs' of God?

England arise! withstand the subtle foe,
Arrest its progress and its power o'erthrow;
The serpent crush, the man of sin defy,
For freedom live, or else for freedom die.

A WIFE.

WHEN first creation's works were wrought,
And man was into Eden brought,
Alone he wandered there and sought
A Wife.

The perfumed shrubs gave small delight,
The luscious fruits or flowers so bright,
While yet he found not, day or night,
A Wife.

Angels were sent by God's command,
To sing the songs of glory's land;
But still he saw not in their band,
A Wife.

He laid him down beneath a tree,
Wearied with lonely misery;
He slept, and then awoke to see,
A Wife.

She spake, no angel voice so sweet;
She smiled, it brought him to her feet;
She loved, he knew with joy complete,
A Wife.

From thence the sacred virtue ran,
And ever since the pride of man,
Has been throughout his life's short span,
A Wife.

She weeps when other eyes are dry;
Is faithful when false friendships fly;
Comforts when threat'ning dangers nigh,
A Wife.

She sheds a holy influence round
The heart, that with her own is bound,
And fills with gladness him that's found,
A Wife.

From out life's path she plucks the thorns,
With loveliest flowers the road adorns;
Woe to the man who basely scorns,
A Wife.

All sorrows fly before her face;
A heaven surrounds her dwelling place;
Earth's ornament, and noblest grace,
A Wife.

Like as the fruitful vine that bears
A sovereign cordial for our cares,
Such inspiration's word declares,
A Wife.

See you poor cotter toiling hard
From morn till night upon the sward;
Say, what's his labour's great reward?
A Wife.

Though mean his fare, and scant his board,
Though dainties he cannot afford;
A treasure in his heart he'll hoard,
A Wife.

All toil and labour he'll despise,
And cheerful with the lark arise;
Whistle and work, and love, and prize,
A Wife.

The rich man cased in golden ore
Is not content but seeks for more;
Nor happy, for he can't adore,
A Wife.

A useless heap those hoards of pelf,
Nor envy I the hapless elf,
Who rich in gold, denies himself,
A Wife.

Tell me not joy and pleasure reigns
Within the lordling's broad demains,
Unless the stately hall contains
A Wife.

She, as a treasure, far exceeds
In value all his title deeds;
He's truly poor whose lone heart needs,
A Wife.

I ask not honours, wealth, or fame,
Extended lands nor titled name;
This only boon my soul would claim,
A Wife.

I envy not the Queen her throne,
Nor Koh-i-noor, bright priceless stone;
If this one gem I call my own,
A Wife.

HOME.

THERE is one lovely spot on earth,
No other half so dear;
One bright star in this gloomy world,
No other star so clear;
One fair flower in the garden green,
Whose fragrance far excels,

The fairest and the sweetest one,
That decks the woodland dells.

'Tis to that spot my warmest hopes
And ardent wishes tend;
To live again my youthful years
And there my wanderings end;
The world's thick maze of care and woe,
Have fill'd my soul with gloom;
I long to bask in milder rays,
The light and joy of home.

My weary feet have trod this wide,
This far renown'd land;
Yet O, they now again would turn,
And in thy borders stand;
Its wonders and its beauteous things
Have opened to my view,
But false hearts wait at every step,
My home alone is true.

All hail! thou happy peaceful home,
Though humble and not known;
To me there's charms around thy hearth,
Not studded in a crown;

While others boast of wide domains,
And glory in a name;
My noblest pride shall ever be,
That loved spot whence I came.

SUNRISE.

A MISTY, deep, and undulating sea,
Of vapoury cloud lies spread across the vale;
While here and there some tall and stately tree,
Or village steeple tells the pleasing tale;
That when the rising god of day,
Shall drive the hazy flood away,
The earth beneath all green and fair,
Will shine with sparkling beauty there.

But O, above! What glory greets the eye,
As floods of light pour o'er the eastern hills;
Chasing the grey dawn to the western sky, [fills:
And heaven's high dome with matchless grandeur
New beauties every moment rise,
As on from cloud to cloud it flies,

Decking their lovely azure tinge,
With scarlet, gold, and silver fringe.

Like ocean waves, which barriers weak confine,
Bursting and sweeping o'er the verdant plain ;
So Sol ascends in majesty sublime,
Deluging nature with his lust'rous flame ;
Lifting above the spiral towers,—
To be distill'd in fragrant showers,—
The misty sea, and with his beams,
Calls sleeping men from fancy's dreams.

CHARADE.

I AM a small five-jointed word,
Midst stormy passions oftimes heard ;
When simple men fail to agree,
They close their differences with me.

Divested of my hindmost part,
The workman strives with hand and heart,
To increase my bulk and raise me higher,
To reach his life's topmost desire.

If now you rob me of my head,
I'm close to death, yet still not dead;
But shunn'd and fear'd by grave and gay,
By rich and poor:—what am I pray?

ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY

On visiting Leeds, September 7th, 1858.

HAIL, glorious Queen of Briton's isle,
Whose vast dominions span the globe,
And gleam beneath the constant smile
Of sun-lit skies,—a dazzling robe.

Hail, mighty Empress! kingdoms pay
Their tribute to thy regal crown;
Their sceptres at thy footstool lay,
And bow themselves with rev'rence down.

Hail to thy virtues! richly they
Adorn thee, more than state or gems;
Illustrious in their mild display,
Beyond the glare of diadems.

All hail, Victoria! welcome here
To loyal hearts and peaceful homes;
We greet thee lady with a cheer,
That rends high heaven's azure domes.

All hail! the echo back returns
From vocal choruses unseen,
And every lip with fervour burns
The earnest prayer, 'God save the Queen.'

THE WORLD, THE CHURCH, AND THE BIBLE.

SIR WINDY WISEPATE, *Attorney-General on the part of the World.*

BEHOLD, a prisoner at the bar appears,
Accused of charges numerous and grave;
To mention which will shock your pious ears,
And cause to tremble e'en the godly brave.

But duty bids me now perform the task
Of prosecutor, and the facts rehearse;
Your kind attention then, I humbly ask,
To hear with patience, chapter, text, and verse.

In ages far remote, so we have heard,
God did inspire with holy, burning thought,
Some faithful men, who penn'd the sacred word,
As by the Spirit they at times were taught.

Since when, translated it has often been,
By various learned and good meaning men,
Who but a portion of the truth have seen,
And other facts through prejudice condemn.

And thus this version, which is now accused,
Has come to us as God's own precious will;
Whereas, it is in every part abused,
And more of man than God its pages fill.

To wit; some parts are shamefully impure,
Shocking the modest mind into a blush;
Professing thus to virtue's path to lure,
The pure and simple from its study rush.

Of falsehood, too, it may with justice be
Accused, though not intentional the crime;
Yet that avails not as a counter plea,
While spots of error mar the truths sublime.

And thus deception through the world is spread,
While priest and people hang their firm belief
On what is false, a smoking tender thread,
Suspended o'er the gulph of sin and grief.

And then again, it is o'ercome with years,
These modern times have left it far behind;
Its threatened judgments work upon the fears,
More than its doctrines can convince the mind.

Thus in the stead of universal peace,
Which through its influence should benignly flow,
Discord and strife, and hatred, never cease, [grow.
And thorns abound where loveliest flowers should

And minds that seek for heavenly truthful light,
To guide their footsteps through this vale of tears,
Are lost amidst a deeper, darker night,
And overwhelmed with doubtful brooding fears.

I ask a verdict then against the Word
As it now stands, in torn and threadbare guise;
A judgment formed upon the facts you've heard,
A whole revision, modern, true, and wise.

BARON CHURCH, *Presiding Judge.*

Thou hearest, prisoner, what the counsel saith,
And how he urges sentence for his cause;
Thou now art free to vindicate thy faith,
And for thy answer, lo, we silent pause.

THE BIBLE.—*Defendant's Plea.*

Then, list ye mortals! give attentive ear,
Since ye have deigned to me a brief reply,
Nor think that I indulge untimely fear,
That ye presume my merits here to try.

I am an old time-honoured learned tome,
Which God inspired the ancient seers to write;
And through the earth in every tongue I roam,
Diffusing gifts of liberty and light.

My special mission is to chase the gloom,
That intercepts between the world and God;
To raise a beacon o'er the sinner's doom,
And shew the path to shun the avenger's rod.

My errand was by lovely mercy plann'd,
When man estranged himself and race from heaven;

As the lost earth with pitying eye she scann'd,
And begg'd this favour might to it be given.

The mind, and will, and nature of that Power
Who is my author, I have plain revealed,
Amidst earth's darkness, from my natal hour,
Heaven's glorious truths! without my light, concealed.

And have I not, to those who sojourn here,
Midst pains and trials most earnestly declared,
That God in heaven would wipe away each tear,
And there bestow the joys He has prepared?

My sacred office thus I have fulfilled,
Where'er my voice has cleaved the yielding air,
And heaven's bright blessings on my path distill'd,
Have gleamed as dew-drops, brilliant, pure, and fair.

And from the earth how many glorious gems
Have been transferr'd to swell the host above?
Where robed in light, and crowned with diadems,
They praise their Maker for my lamp of love.

Yet here I stand, before this bar arraigned,
For falsehood, age, impurity, deceit;

While all my words and doctrines have been strained,
To press the charge I now appear to meet.

If I am false, then heaven itself's a lie,
And all its joys, delusion, fancy, dreams;
But I am truth, and truth that ne'er shall die,
While God exists enthroned midst glory's beams.

'Tis true I'm old, and many storms have seen,
Vast empires vanish, nation's great decay;
Yet still unscared, my leaf is fresh and green,
My youth as vigorous as the morn's new day.

Impure I am not, that is quite opposed
To all my teachings and most holy laws;
Have not I said, that God is ne'er disposed
To look on sin, and wars against its cause?

Nor can I be of dark deceit accused,
Equivocation always I condemn
In all its forms, or for what purpose used,
My standard's raised, the hateful tide to stem.

'Tis true, I do not pander to the taste
Of this refined, and would be, moral age;

My words are plain, no language do I waste,
That all may read, the ignorant and sage.

Not guilty, then, I do most boldly plead,
And fearless challenge all the world to prove,
One real defect, or one omitted need,
To meet the wants of all that heavenward move.

BARON CHURCH.—*The Verdict.*

Methinks the charges have been fairly met,
And one plain duty now to us remains ;
By a decisive verdict to forget,
And wipe away the breath of sland'rous stains.

Thou Prisoner!—so our judgment is declared,—
Hast been unjustly put upon thy trial,
For charges, which unproved, we are prepared
To brand as false, malicious, mean, and vile.

Nor can'st thou by this brief arraignment loose,
Ought of thy sacred character and name,
But all that hear shall hence more freely choose,
To put their trust in what thou do'st proclaim.

And thou art free, as thou hast ever been,
To roam the world, and sound thy trumpet voice,
Till hell shall tremble, and the earth be seen
To love thy laws, and in thy truths rejoice.

EUCHARISTIC PRAYER.

HELP me to draw nigh with faith in my heart,
To partake of the blessings thy love doth impart;
To eat of thy body, and drink of thy blood,
And own Thee my Saviour, my crucified God.

THE MISSIONARY.

FAREWELL bright land, my native home!
Thy white majestic cliffs grow less,
But whereso'er my feet may roam,
Thy tide-wash'd shores my tongue shall bless:
And gladly will I sound thy praise,
In southern Polynesian lays,
While wondering ears drink in the tale,
And echo it through many a vale.

Yet, not to sound this trump I go,
Of England's greatness or her pride ;
A nobler theme must ever flow
From my full heart ; and all beside,
Stand in its own appointed place,
The shadow of that heavenly grace,
Which now I hasten to proclaim,
To distant isles, through Jesus' name.

And gladly do I all forsake,
My home, my kindred, and my friends ;
My very life most freely take,
Within my feeble puny hands ;
Offering to God, on duty's shrine,
What never was, or can be mine ;
But His who made, preserved, and bought,
And in my good, His glory sought.

O, may I then most zealous prove,
A faithful servant of my Lord ;
And testify that precious love,
Revealed in all His sacred word ;
For north and south, for east and west,
Where'er the guilty soul seeks rest,
A living stream of life divine,
For every land, and every clime.

THE SINNER'S PLEA.

A SINNER, burthened with his load,
Of multiplied transgressions came,
Unto the gate that guards the road,
Which leads to God through Jesus' name ;
And weary, downcast, faint, and sore,
He humbly tap'd the wicket door.

The porter answered from within,
'Who's there, what may thy errand be ?'
'I am a soul oppressed with sin,
And wish my gracious Lord to see,
For many weary miles I've trod,
To make confession to my God.

'For I have heard that "He is rich
In mercy, unto all that call
Upon His name ;" a doctrine which
I've come to test, and stand or fall,
I must upon His sovereign grace ;
O, then, admit me to his face !'

'But, Sinner, hast thou never heard,
That Justice lingers near His throne?
And while thou parleyest dost gird,
The whetted sword her thigh upon;
And ready waits to strike the blow,
Which shall thy pregnant hopes o'erthrow.

'Then dare not here to force thy way,
All naked, filthy, and alone;
Lest thy temerity should'st pay,
A price thou'st little thought upon;
And heaven's avenger casts thee forth,
Into the dreary shades of north.'

'But tell me, for my case is bad,
So bad, I cannot be denied;
Is there not mercy to be had
Through Him, who for my sins hast died?
Does Jesus not in heaven's high home,
Maintain my cause, and bid me come?'

'O, yes, if Jesus is thy plea,
Come in,'—the door is open thrown,—

'He bore thy sins on Calvary,
And now presides on Mercy's throne;
He'll introduce thee to His Sire,
And rob stern Justice of her ire.'

'Most gladly then do I advance,
And own I nothing am, or have;
Not worthy e'en to lift my glance
To Him, yet trust my soul to save,
By faith in that atoning blood,
Which pleads for me before my God.'

"LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE."

Written for the Third Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association. *Sheffield*, 1851.

COME! in Jehovah's mighty name,
And for His cause we meet;
That through the world with loud acclaim,
His saving power we may proclaim,
And Satan's schemes defeat.

United may we ever stand,
With Christ in firm array;
With zealous heart, and steady hand,
A faithful, bold, believing band,
Unbroken force our way.

Our first-born brethren in the cause,
Obtained a glorious name;
Though here consumed by ravenous jaws,
The victims of a tyrant's laws,
Their love has been their fame.

By mutual love, the world shall know,
We are by Jesus sent;
And to the bats their idols throw,
While on the winds our voices flow,
Exhorting to repent.

Why should we boast our love and zeal,
For God, whom eye ne'er saw?
Unless we for our brethren feel,
A kindred flame that shall reveal,
Obedience to His law.

Father of love! from whom proceeds
All that our souls require;
Unite us here in words and deeds,
And plant within our hearts the seeds,
Of love's resistless fire.

From conquering then, to conquer,
We forth in Thy name shall go;
Till over land, and over sea,
The standard of the Cross shall be,
Exalted here below.

THE SANCTUARY.

WILL God in very deed descend,
To dwell with man below?
Will He vouchsafe to be our friend,
And here His glory show?
Yes, He has said, where two or three
Are met for Him, there He will be.

Though angels worship round His throne,
And seraphs holy cry;

Though nought can hold the Three in One
Through vast immensity;
Yet in the house built for His name,
He dwells unchangeably the same.

Go then thou weary spirit go,
By sin and grief oppressed;
And all thy guilt on Jesus throw,
And be by Jesus bless'd:
For there His messenger's proclaim,
Salvation through His wondrous name.

Shun not the house of God, ye saints,
When Satan you assails;
When through his schemes thy spirit faints,
And sin almost prevails;
O fly to his pavilion, fly,
And gather strength to live or die.

This is the banquet house of love,
Where all are freely bidden;
Come then, eat manna from above,
And taste the joys of heaven;
The God of Abraham's faithful race,
Makes this His earthly dwelling place.

And there the story of the Cross,
Like dew on Hermon falls ;
Purging the soul from sinful dross,
That yields to mercy's calls :
Then would'st thou learn to know the Lord,
Go to His house, and hear His word.

SALVATION.

SALVATION ! Heaven's great choral hymn,
Sung by the countless hosts above ;
Whose joys no sorrows ever dim ;
Whose hearts are one pure flame of love.
With rapture, lo ! they all conspire,
To swell the exalted strain :
Till borne on spreading pinions higher,
Their souls enflamed with ardent fire,
God's holiest hill they gain.

Salvation ! Down the echo rolls,
Through vast, uncounted, brilliant spheres ,
To Eden's bowers, where man had sold,
Eternal life for mortal years.

There, through the groves and green arcades,
Of fragrant shrubs and flowers ;
In soft vibrations on the shades
Of evening, as earth's glory fades,
It comes with hopeful powers.

Salvation ! On the melody,
Swept joyous as a zephyr band ;
O'erpowering sin's discordancy,
As with an unseen magic wand.
The noble line of Patriarchs heard,
And Prophets caught the note,
And sounded it, till ' Christ the Word,'
On Calvary took up the chord,
And bade it onward float.

Salvation ! Soon the lofty hills,
The forests green, and fruitful plains
Shall hear, while murmuring floods and rills,
Repeat the captivating strains ;
And man renewed, shall join to sing,
The love-inspiring song ;
Till heaven and earth harmonious ring,
With praises to the Saviour-King,
To whom all hearts belong.

AWAKE! AWAKE!

'AWAKE! Awake!* Arm of the Lord awake,
'As in the former years thy strength put on;
'Proclaim Thy power, sin's dark dominion shake,
'And make Thy judgments and Thy justice known.'

Thus sang the Prophet, when in days of old
The heathen raged, and scorned the chosen race;
Invoking thus, in accents strong and bold,
The mighty arm of God's insulted grace.

'Awake! Awake!† Thou city of thy God,
'Stand on thy feet, lift up thy drooping head;
'Thy cry is heard, and those that held the rod,
'Shall know Jehovah still thy cause doth plead.'

And thus again the Prophet's voice is heard,
In tones of comfort, when his nation's pride
Was humbled 'neath the famine and the sword,
And to the Lord in bitterness they cried.

* Isaiah li. 9. † Isaiah li. 17.

'Awake! Awake!'* O Zion leave the dust,
'Cast off thy bands, thy beauteous garments wear,
'Thou now art free, awake from sin and lust,
'Nor let the heathen more thy glory share.

In language thus the faithful Seer implores,
His ransomed kindred to forsake their crimes;
And for the grace which God to them restores,
To dedicate to Him their future times.

'Awake! Awake!'† prophetic lips still cry,
As visioned ages all their schemes unfold;
'Awake, O sword, and in my Shepherd dye,
'Thy vengeful blade,' a price for sins untold.

Thus was the scene on Calvary's Mount portrayed,
By tongue inspired, the feeble faith to raise,
Of those who staggered at the promise made,
To their forefathers in the ancient days.

'Awake! Awake!‡ Thou sleeper leave the tomb,
'No longer dwell with the corrupting dead;
'Escape for life! and shun the sinner's doom,
'For Christ thy life has suffered in thy stead.'

* Isaiah lii. 1. † Zachariah xiii. 7. ‡ Ephesians v. 14.

So God's Apostle bids the church awake,
From darkness, death, supineness, fear, and sin ;
And to themselves His Spirit's wisdom take,
By which the crown of righteousness to win.

SABBATH MORN.

HAIL, holy day! How blessed are thy beams !
True peace and love, from thy bright presence streams,
Like gushing waters from the mountain heights,
Filling the vale of life with sweet delights.

How welcome are thy feet as o'er the hills,—
Where the grey morn its early dew distils ;—
They bear aloft thy flaunting flag of light,
Triumphant raised, in grateful mortal's sight.

How welcome, too, are those fair gifts divine,
That in thy train of love conspicuous shine,
Of heaven-appointed rest, and sweet release,
From all the world's vain cares, blest day of peace !

With joy I rise to greet thy hallowed face,
Glad to partake thy soul renewing grace ;

O, may thy quickening beams my heart inspire,
Kindling the flame of pure devotion's fire.

Thus may my every thought to heaven ascend,
And all my waking powers with joy attend ;
To hear thy guiding voice, and learn of thee,
To spend my Sabbaths for eternity.

SABBATH EVENING.

THE sun recedes in yonder western sky ;
The east grows grey, the cool breeze whispers by ;
The birds their tuneful vespers sweet have sung,
And sent their echo to each starry tongue.

And O, how calm ! how solemn is the scene,
As tirêd nature seeks her couch serene ;
Above, around, beneath, all things portend,
The near approach of Sabbath's waning end.

And thou, my soul, attune thy voice in praise,
To Him, who for thy good gave Sabbath days ;
A heavenly boon, a gift of noblest price,
In value far above earth's merchandise.

Bend, bend thy wings, mount with the last bright ray,
Before the throne thy grateful homage pay;
And render there beneath the exalted mount,
Unto thy God another day's account.

How hast thou used the sacred talent given,
To fit thee for the higher joys of heaven?
How much improved the ordinance divine,
Which God has made upon thy path to shine?

I thank thee, Lord, for the foretasted bliss,
Of Thy great Sabbath, shadowed forth in this;
That state of peace, whose spirits never know,
The sun's departing rays, as here below.

"IT IS FINISHED."

WHAT mean those fearful signs of nature's deep distress?
Day's glorious orb enwrap'd in midnight's sable dress?
The trembling earth convulsed throughout its ponderous frame? [twain?
The wide extended graves? the temples veil in

Creation groans, as its Great Author cries,
'Tis finished!' see the conquering victim dies.
'Tis finshed!' speaks from every pore;
And sin and death shall reign no more.

Can'st thou discern, through black abortion's dreary night,
Thy Saviour there exposed on Calvary's distant height?
Or, dost thou hear above the thunder's deaf'ning peal,
The louder voice of Him, who dies, death's doom to seal?
For here His sorrows end, His work is done,
'Tis finished,' and the long-sought victory's won;
'Tis finished,' every pang is o'er,
And sin and death shall reign no more.

Bow down thou haughty prince, nor lift again thy head,
'Tis thy Creator, God, who on thy neck doth tread;
Thy dynasty is o'erthrown, thy power and might,
Are now no more, cast to oblivion's deepest night.
Wounded and weak, thy malice none need fear,
Thy victor Lord, to help is ever near:

'Tis finished!' fly to hell's dark door,
For sin and death shall reign no more.

Rise from the dust of earth, arise, ye guilty race!
No longer let despair on you its furrow's trace;
Your mighty debt is paid, a ransom has been found,
Where wrath its torrents rolled, the streams of grace abound.
Grace full and free ye may from God receive,
Purchased for all who will in Christ believe;
'Tis finished!' life is now in store,
And sin and death shall reign no more.

FALSE AND TRUE CHARITY.

A PLEA FOR HOME MISSIONS.

AVAUNT, ye fluent orators,
Whose tongues with pity swell;
While in the ears of willing men
Your tales of woe ye tell.

Why plead so strong the cause of those
Whose souls in darkness lay;
Where heathen superstition reigns,
Nor shines the gospel day?

Why wander ye to Afric's soil ?
Or China's distant land ?
Or Fiji's southern coasted isle ?
Or India's pearly strand ?

Go look into the narrow streets,
And pestilential lanes,
Where thousands of thy fellow-men,
Are bound in error's chains :

In thy own land, around thy home,
For lack of knowledge die,
These ignorant and guilty ones,
Whose soul's for succour cry.

Jerusalem first, must hear the truth ;
Charity begin at home ;
Let these commands be first obeyed,
Ere ye to heathen's roam.

Call then assemblies of the just,
The generous and good ;
And with impassioned eloquence
Plead for the beggar's food.

Strike loud the chords of sympathy;
Break up all selfish soil,
And soon a harvest, rich in grace,
Shall bless your earnest toil.

England converted, then shall be,
A sword in God's right hand;
To conquer by His powerful arm,
Each distant pagan land.

FAITH.

O GLORIOUS faith! on whose strong wings,
The soul ascends to heavenly things;
Leaving the realms of time and sense,
And mounting to Omnipotence.

Eye of the soul, divinely bright;
No thick-robed clouds can check thy sight;
Thy boundless ken surmounts the spheres,
And rides above the lapse of years.

Faith triumphs o'er the ills of life ;
Sits calm amidst tumultuous strife ;
Illumes the dark mysterious gloom,
And lights the passage to the tomb.

The far unknown, eternal world,
By it lies naked and unfurled ;
While all the glowing joys of heaven,
As a rich antipast are given.

THE END OF MAN.

'WHAT is the end of man?' I asked the child!
Who raised his heavenly face to mine, and smiled
In innocent delight; and thus replied :
'To pluck sweet flowers from morn till eventide.'

'What is the end of man?' again I asked
Of riper years ; as in the smile he basked
Of favouring fortune : quick the answer came,
'To heap up riches and to gather fame.'

'What is the end of man? thou aged one
'Whose silvery locks proclaim thy work is done:'
He stood aghast! then with a deep drawn breath,
Replied, 'To live, and shun the monster death.'

'What is the end of man?' I next enquired
Of one whose heart the love of God had fired;
Thus meekly spake this servant of his Lord,
'To love my Maker and obey His word.'

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN! what magic in the sound!
What glorious visions hang around
That word supremely grand:
To thence man's noblest thoughts arise,
They pierce the mysteries of the skies,
And range that happy land.

'Tis there the soul delights to dwell
To satiate in that boundless well
Of bliss, divinely sweet:

On God it loves to feast its sight,
And fall with rapt'rous delight,
Adoring at His feet.

'Twas there the Great First Cause of all
Creation's glories, vast or small,
Took up His grand abode :
Alone, yet not alone, was He,
Existing from eternity,
Three persons in one God.

Created by His mighty hand,
There first arose a countless band
Of angels bright and fair :
Myriads of ages passed away,
While yet they lived but to obey
The God of glory there.

Till Satan fill'd with dreams of power,
Persuaded in an awful hour
Vast numbers to rebel ;
They strove by might to make him God,
But failing, felt the chastening rod,
That banished them to hell.

In heaven's high palace council sat,
There Father, Son, and Spirit met,
In wisdom to confer:
When God to shew His power and grace,
Created now another race,
And placed His image there.

But man seduced, by flattering lies,
Soon rebel turns, and vainly tries,
His Maker to oppose:
He tries, but O, the effort's vain,
He sins, becomes a child of pain,
Of misery, and woes.

All heaven in sadness now looks down,
And grieves to see man's fallen crown
Of glory in the dust:
With awe they fall before the throne,
And worship Him that sits thereon,
Saying, 'Lord, thou art just.'

But hark! in heaven a voice is heard,
The angels listen, catch the word,
It is, 'Who's power to die?'

A silence solemn, awful, long,
Pervades their host, binds every tongue,
Till Jesus answers, 'I.'

Heaven's arches now resound with praise;
Loud are the voices, sweet the lays,
Inspired by ardent love;
Each seraph glorious, pure, and fair,
With hope's inflamed now wait to share,
Their joys with man above.

Heaven's portals wide are open thrown,
And soon the fruit of mercy's shewn,
The ransomed enter in:
Men of all nations, kindreds, tongues;
Redeemed, they sing the new-born songs,
Freedom from death and sin.

'Worthy the Lamb!' they always cry;
'Worthy,' the angelic host reply,
Then strike their golden lyres:
Still like a swelling mountain wave,
Through Jesu's boundless power to save,
Augmented are their choirs.

But time is now for ever o'er,
And all that trod that quicksand shore,
  At heaven's high bar appear :
The Lamb once slain, as Judge they see,
Arrayed in glorious majesty :
  Their sentence now they hear.

'Depart, ye cursed,' lo, He cries !
As wrathful lightning from his eyes,
  Impels the sentence just ;
And drives them forth from heaven and God,
Pursued by His avenging rod,
  To hell's deep pit they're thrust.

O, judgment dreadful, doom severe,
Where shall those trembling saints appear,
  Those, still before the throne ?
See ! Jesus smiles, He lifts His voice ;
He bids their fearful hearts rejoice,
  And welcomes to His home.

No. I.*

PART FIRST.

THE proverb still holds good I see,
Of female curiosity;
No matter where, of what, or when,
Concerning everything but men;
And that's a subject which they fly,
With blushing cheek, and bashful eye.

Not curious; nay, don't tell me so;
Else, why didst thou so eager go,
To where the postman sits in state,
Dispensing billet-deux of fate,
To young and old, to grave and gay,
On this auspicious, happy day?

Perchance thou thoughtest to receive
A line from him,—yet do not grieve
O'er disappointed hope,—but go
Again to Post, and you shall know
A 'little secret,' kept for you,
And sealed in 'Letter Number Two.'

* The following Pieces were written for a 'Bazaar Post Office,' on behalf of the Pottery Field Day Schools, June 24th, 1857.

PART SECOND.

What, come again ! Thou couldst not then
  Withstand the tempting prize ;
A 'little secret,' that's the thing,
  To open ladies' eyes :
Then listen to a singing bird,
That sometimes whispers what he's heard,
And always keeps his plighted word.

I mounted once upon a time
  To regions high in air,
Till earth grew less, and heavenly scenes,
  All beautiful and fair,
Burst on my sight ; and music clear,
Assailed my wonder-stricken ear,
So sweet, I fancy still its near.

And on the swelling wave there came
  A voice, whose richness rose,
High o'er the exalted choir that sang,
  His praise in sophranos :
It danced upon the glassy sea,
In silvery strains of mystery ;
'I love the souls that do love Me.'

No. II.

PART FIRST.

I GIVE you thanks, that thus you deign,
My humble lines to take
From out the Post, for they contain
An interest I've at stake.

I long have sought a private way,
By which to reach your ear;
Yet, disappointed day by day,
And pained with doubt and fear.

How often have I looked on thee
With love's desiring eye;
But thou couldst not my passion see,
And passed unheeding by.

That you may know the trysting place
Where I will tell thee more,
Take from the Post, with modest face,
The 'Letter Number Four.'

PART SECOND.

O, do not blame my liberty, I pray,
That I, a stranger, thus presume to make
Appointments such; I saw no other way
So prudent, and consistent for to take,
To let you know how much I keenly feel,
And all the secrets of my heart reveal.

It must not be where fragrant shrubs uprear
Their leafy heads within the shady dell;
For bushes see, and twittering songsters hear,
And oft repeat what whispering lovers tell:
Nor near the ocean's murmuring, sombre wail.
Else would the tattling waves echo the tale.

But in the closet's sweet seclusion, where
No prying eyes can interrupt, but One;
There will I be, thy privacy to share,
And make to thee My Name and Nature known;
And there reveal My radiant, shining face,
While thou communest at the throne of grace.

No. III.

PART FIRST.

NOT married yet! Pray how is this,
That thou despisest wedded bliss?
Wrapt up in single blessedness,
Art thou content with nothing less,
Than to remain a lonely maid,
Until the debt of nature's paid?

No, surely, that can never be;
Perchance no offer 's come to thee?
An offer quite acceptable,
In all respects unquestionable;
And yet, if thou desir'st a mate,
I am myself a candidate.

Then to the Post, haste, haste away!
Let nought induce thee to delay;
For there you'll find, if you enquire,
The information you desire;
My Name, and residence combined,
In 'Letter Number Six' confined.

PART SECOND.

I am most happy thus to find
My suit is not in vain ;
And now invite thee for to bind
Thyself unto My Name :
Give Me thy heart, and thou shalt be
Belov'd to all Eternity.

It is but right, that thou shouldst know
All that I do possess ;
The rank and wealth I can bestow
On thee, if thou wilt bless
Me with thy faithful, perfect love,
And ever constant to me prove.

First, I am rich, have crowns and thrones,
And subjects out of count ;
Bright palaces, with precious stones,
All decorate throughout ;
And I have constant peace and joy,
Which nothing ever can destroy.

Eternal life, I also have,
And love beyond compare ;

Such as no mortal ever gave,
This, thou art free to share ;
Such by thy Spouse to thee is given,
'Jesus, My Name, My Home is Heaven.'

ZION'S FAME.

HARK ! I hear a distant sound,
As of many tongues combined,
Sweeping all the earth around,
Borne on every passing wind ;
Of Zion's peace the joyful token,
After suff'ring from the rod ;
'Glorious things of thee are spoken,
O thou city of our God.'

THE MINE OF JEWELS.

I'VE found a treasure, 'tis a fact ;
A costly, precious stone ;
Perfect, brilliant, and intact,
No brighter ever shone :
If you would equal fortune prove,
There is a 'Mine, in Jesus' love.'

NEW SAW.

PITHY sayings suit the wise,
The sage, and simple too ;
And least you doubt what I surmise,
I've posted one for you ;
'Tis this, 'Who aims below the skies,
Will surely live to rue !'

CUPID'S TEMPLE.

DOWN in yonder shady grove
Where the scented violets grow,
And the golden cowslips blow ;
Where the primrose makes its bed,
And the blue-bell hangs its head,
Where lovers rove.

Cupid like a butterfly,
Fluttering near this pretty place,
While the sun illum'd his face ;
Flattered by his own display,
Thus unto himself did say,
A God am I.

Bow and arrows cast aside,
Down upon the mossy bank
He in dreamy slumbers sank ;
As he slept, the Graces came,
And there a temple to his name,
They raised with pride.

Full of joy the god awoke ;
Fixed his throne and golden shrine
In the temple now divine ;
Ruling thence the world of hearts,
Sending forth his pointed darts
With fatal stroke.

Mortals since have sought the spot,
Worshipped there, and lowly bowed,
As their faith and love they vowed ;
From his throne amidst the trees,
Love alone their passion sees,
And seals their lot.

THE HOME OF MY HEART.

IT is not where the eagle builds
Its mountain-guarded nest,

Nor where the warbling songster seeks
Its green-grove shaded rest ;
I love the mountains and the glades,
Their beauties joy impart ;
Yet these can never claim to be
The dwelling of the heart.

It is not on the ocean's breast,
Nor in its boundless deep ;
Nor in the earth's dark caverns where
Its crystal chambers weep ;
The mind delights to revel there,
And would not soon depart ;
But O, they cannot ever take
The impress of the heart.

It basks not in the beaming smiles
Of riches or of fame,
It follows not with those who join
In war's uncertain game ;
It dwells not in the stately halls,
Nor meaner works of art,
One soul, all truth and beauty, is
'The loved home of my heart.'

"I REMEMBER."

I REMEMBER all the pleasures,
The joys of courting days;
The strolls and pleasant rambles
In lanes and old bye-ways;
I remember how I loved her,
And kiss'd her blushing cheek,
And hung with rapture on each word
My darling used to speak.

I remember all the throbbings
Of my own unhappy heart,
When after blissful moments spent
We were constrained to part;
I remember, too, how sadly
I sought my lonely rest,
To revel there in golden dreams
Of future joys possest.

I remember how I pressed her
To say she would be mine,
And promised how I'd love her, with
A love almost divine;

And well do I remember, too,
My heart's exquisite thrill,
As with her trembling hand in mine
She meekly said, "I will."

I remember, too, the bridal,
And how her spirit sighed,
As I led her forth all blushes,
A young and lovely bride;
And how upon her finger, there
I placed the mystic ring,
As soft-breathed vows into my heart
Undying joy did bring.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

CAN equal joy on earth be found
As my glad heart this moment knows?
By its enchanting spell I'm bound,
As through my soul its torrent flows.

I've oft'times dreamt of fairy bliss,
Elysian joys, and heavenly love;

But rapture to compare with this
Did never through my fancy rove.

The 'brightest hope' my spirit knew,
The 'ardent longing' of my heart,
The 'wish' that with affection grew
And of its nature formed a part;

All, all are mine, no longer lost
To life, and hope, and love, and thee;
While every pang their absence cost,
Is now transformed to ecstacy.

Bright hope, in full fruition now
I grasp, and thou art truly mine;
The wish of life, with thy fond vow,
I've taken from love's sacred shrine.

And ever fondly will I keep
That treasure worlds would fail to buy;
Thy heart within my own shall sleep
Secure, while dangers round it fly.

THE SUMMER OF LOVE.

THE summer of love! O, how swiftly it flies;
How mild is its radiance, how azure its skies,
How sweet the enchantment it spreads o'er the soul,
As the soft breath of morning, where perfumed clouds roll,
Through the deep-shaded groves of the fair palmy east,
Where the Loves, Muse's, and Graces on poesy feast.

The summer of love! O, how precious its hours,
Adorned with the fairest of nature's gay flowers;
Peace, union, and concord, all bloom 'neath its shade,
As banks of sweet violets in the forest's broad glade;
Where the meandering stream, and the hum of the bee,
With the song of the bird, join in pure harmony.

The summer of love has a ne'er setting sun,
Whose course is all brightness when once 'tis begun;
'Tis the heaven of life that admits of no night,
A glory that wanes not, an existence of light,
Where the spirits that treasure this flame in their breast,
Are ever with rapturous happiness blest.

The summer of love, come then let us improve,
Enjoy the bright moments as onward they move,
For the Spring is but hopeful, commingled with fears,
The Winter all sorrows, the Autumn all tears ;
Love's summer alone is the essence of life,
And the essence of love is the love of a Wife.

REMINISCENCES OF LOVE.

IT is sweet to revert to those first hours of love,
When beneath the deep shade of the green man-
The vows of affection were heard ; [tled grove,
When the bright sun had sunk 'neath the far distant
west,
And the birds and the breezes were lulled into rest,
Nor a leaf on the aspen stirred.
O how my fond memory clings around that dear spot,
That sanctum of love which can ne'er be forgot ;
An altar for worshippers reared ; [beams,
And the bright silvery lake as it caught the moon's
Reflecting its glory in the clear ripling streams,
To the fond devotee is endeared.

Recollection has painted this spot on my mind,
A rich treasured landscape, with Eden entwined,
The foreground—an angel of light.
I have seen the tall hills lift their heads to the sky,
And the lovely green valleys enchanting the eye,
But nought that gave equal delight ;
With the trees and the water, the arbour and bowers
Of Babworth, so famous, when love's own sacred hours
Were spent in its hallowed retreat.

A WISH.

O MAY the blessing of thy God
Continually be thine ;
And heaven's bright Sun of Righteousness
Upon thee always shine ;
And may the gates of plenteousness,
Of happiness, and peace,
Throw wide their portals open, for
To bless all thy increase.

And may no sorrow, pain, or woe,
Attend upon thy ways ;

No bitter strife nor envyings
  Disturb thy nights or days :
And may the garland wreath of peace,
  Be round thy pillow twined ;
And all the fancies of thy dreams
  Be pleasant to thy mind.

And when of years thy life is full,
  And earthly joys are dead ;
And the grim monster Death shall draw
  The curtains round thy bed ;
Then, may the Angels of thy God
  Watch o'er thy latest breath,
And suffer no rude hand or voice
  To hasten on thy death.

But O, before that hour shall come,
  Ere yet thy spirit wanes,
May Christ, thy Saviour, with His blood,
  Remove its deepest stains ;
And, finally, when all is done,
  When life's last scene is o'er,
May heaven, and peace, and joy, and love,
  Be thine for evermore.

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